THE JOHNNY NEMO MAGAZINE™
FLOOD CONTROL COMICS
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ECLIPSE COMICS
BY MILLIGAN AND EWINS
BRETT EWINS
"NEW LONDON PRIDE"

THE JOHNNY NEMO MAGAZINE

CREATED BY PETE MILLIGAN AND BRETT EWINS

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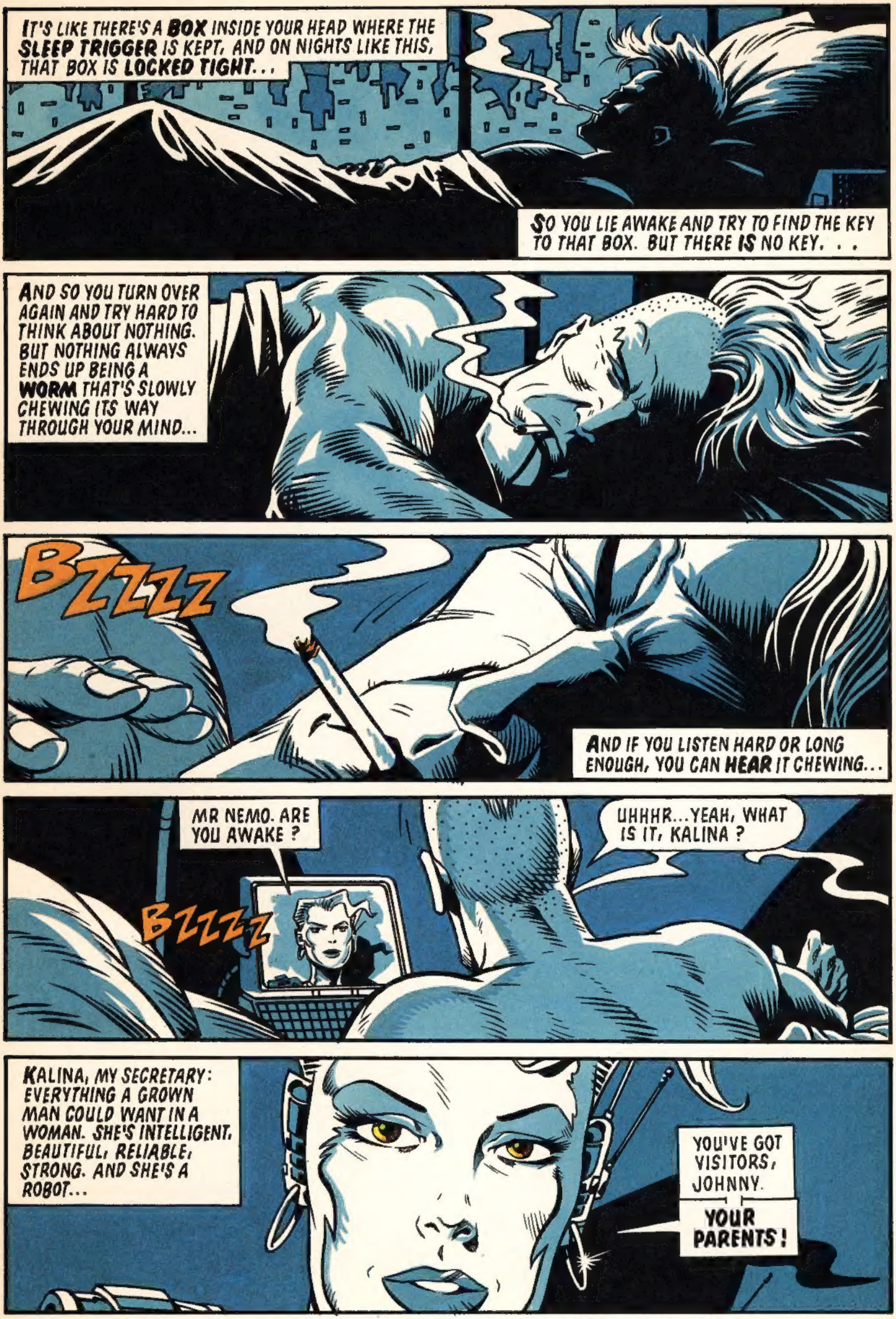
All Titles Ewins/Milligan

JOHNNY NEMO©

STORY = MILLIGAN
ART = BRETT EWINS AND STEVE DILLON

"NEW LONDON PRIDE"

LETTERS + COLOURS = TOM FRAME

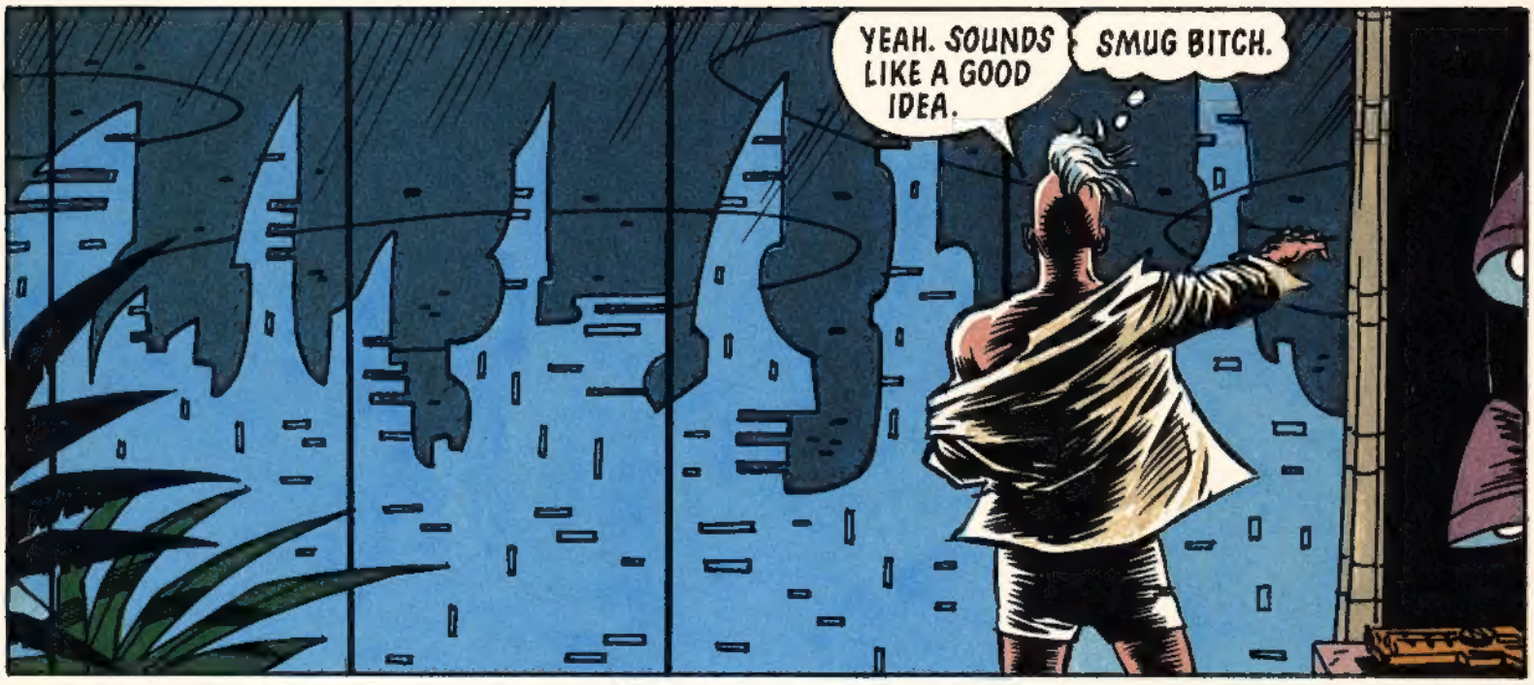

IT'S LIKE THERE'S A BOX INSIDE YOUR HEAD WHERE THE SLEEP TRIGGER IS KEPT, AND ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS, THAT BOX IS LOCKED TIGHT...
SO YOU LIE AWAKE AND TRY TO FIND THE KEY TO THAT BOX. BUT THERE IS NO KEY. . .
AND SO YOU TURN OVER AGAIN AND TRY HARD TO THINK ABOUT NOTHING. BUT NOTHING ALWAYS ENDS UP BEING A WORM THAT'S SLOWLY CHEWING ITS WAY THROUGH YOUR MIND...
BZZZZ
AND IF YOU LISTEN HARD OR LONG ENOUGH, YOU CAN HEAR IT CHEWING...
MR NEMO. ARE YOU AWAKE ?
BZZZZ
UHHHR...YEAH, WHAT IS IT, KALINA ?
KALINA, MY SECRETARY: EVERYTHING A GROWN MAN COULD WANT IN A WOMAN. SHE'S INTELLIGENT, BEAUTIFUL, RELIABLE, STRONG. AND SHE'S A ROBOT...
YOU'VE GOT VISITORS, JOHNNY.
YOUR PARENTS!

OOOH! IT'S NICE, ISN'T IT, HARRY? IT'S REALLY... NICE.
YEAH, BLOODY NICE. BLOODY REGAL.
DONE WELL FOR HIMSELF, AIN'T HE? I MEAN, LIVING IN A PALACE LIKE THIS. NO WONDER THE STUCK-UP SOD DON'T WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH HIS OLD MAN ANYMORE!
OH, BE FAIR, HARRY. JOHNNY'S BUSY. HE'S GOT HIS CAREER TO THINK OF.
ANYWAY, HE'S SPECIAL. HE CAN'T KEEP COMING DOWN TO SEE US ALL THE TIME.
YOU SHOULD TRY TO UNDERSTAND...
WHO ASKED YOU TO OPEN YOUR BIG MOUTH, EH? THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND JOHNNY, SEE. MAN'S TALK!
YOUR MOTHER AND ME ARE A BIT, ER, EMBARRASSED, Y'SEE, JOHNNY, SHORT OF CASH...
YOU KNOW HOW USELESS YOUR MOTHER IS WITH MONEY...

KERUNNCH!
WE...HUH?
THERE THEY ARE!
1
2
3
JOHNNY... DON'T LET THEM... GUHRR!
1
3
NOOOOOO!

I COULD HELP BUT I DON'T. I REALIZE SUDDENLY THAT IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ME. I REALIZE SUDDENLY THAT I DO NOT CARE...
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO DIES OR WHO LIVES SO LONG AS I LIVE. I REALIZE SUDDENLY THAT I AM ALL THAT MATTERS. DO I REALIZE THIS? YES, I DO...
I AM THE TRUTH. THE ONLY TRUTH...
TSCH! BLOODY MESS...
BASTARD. WOULDN'T LIFT A BLEEDING FINGER TO SAVE US, WOULD YOU? YOUR OWN PARENTS. YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!
WHAT SORT OF SON ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
JUST LOOK AT YOUR MOTHER. LOOK AT THE STATE OF HER. I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED, JOHNNY LA-DE-DA NEMO...
DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, HARRY. HE'S GOT A LOT OF THINGS ON HIS MIND...
YOU'RE DEAD, GET ME? DEAD! SO SHUT IT!
KERBAM!
KERBAM!

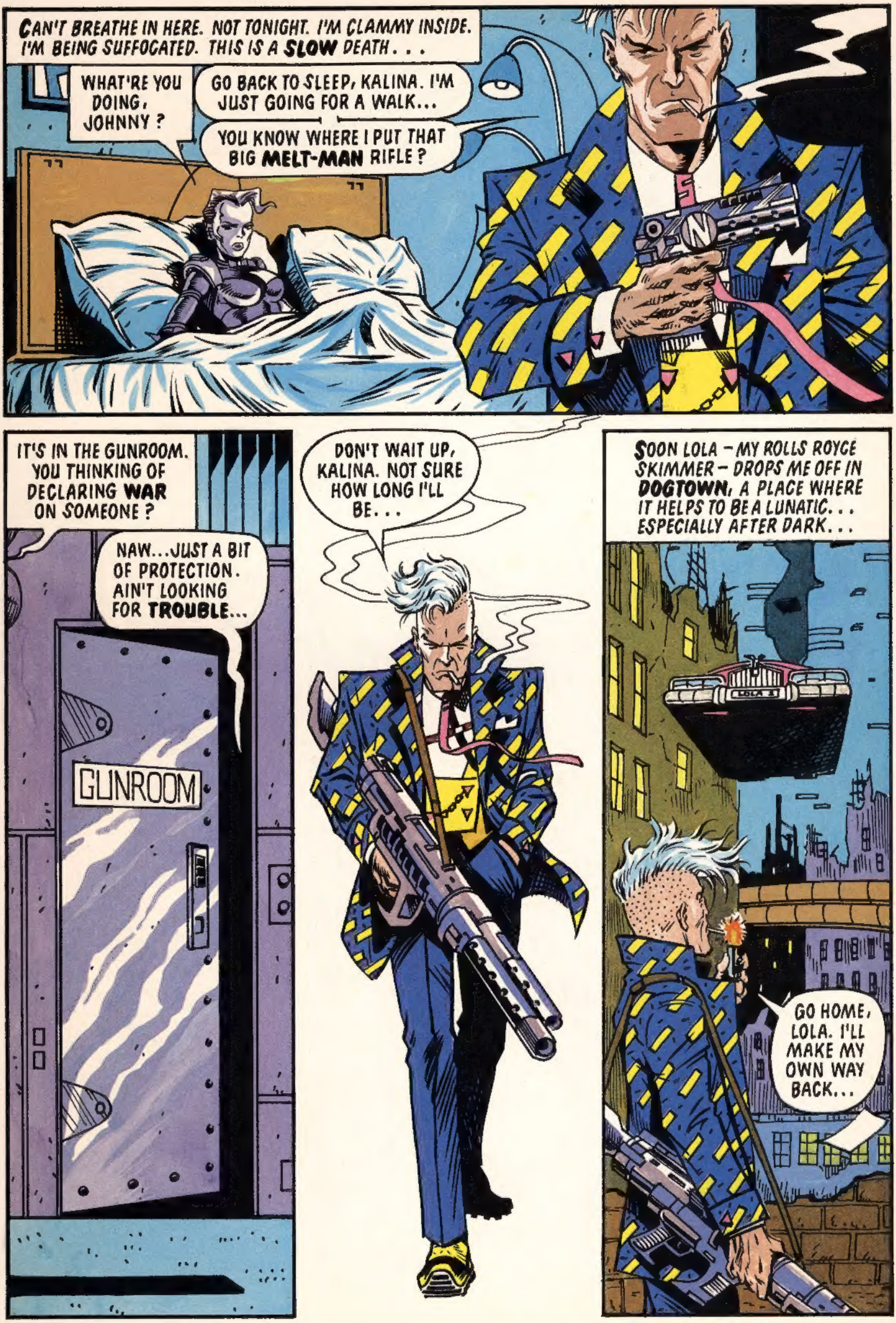
DEAD!
KERBAM!
KERBAM!
JOHNNY, WAKE UP!
YOU'RE DESTROYING THE BEDROOM AGAIN!
UHR?
THE ROOM LOOKED JUST LIKE THE INSIDE OF MY HEAD FELT. SHOT TO PIECES. EXCEPT THAT THERE WAS NO BLOOD IN THE ROOM, AND I COULD FEEL THE BLOOD IN MY HEAD PUMPING AROUND AS THOUGH IT WAS TRYING TO FIND AN EMERGENCY EXIT. MAYBE IT WAS...
SHIT. ANOTHER DREAM...
CALL THE INTERIOR DECORATORS FIRST THING, KALINA.
WILL DO, JOHNNY. NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I REALLY MUST RECHARGE MY MENTAL BATTERIES...

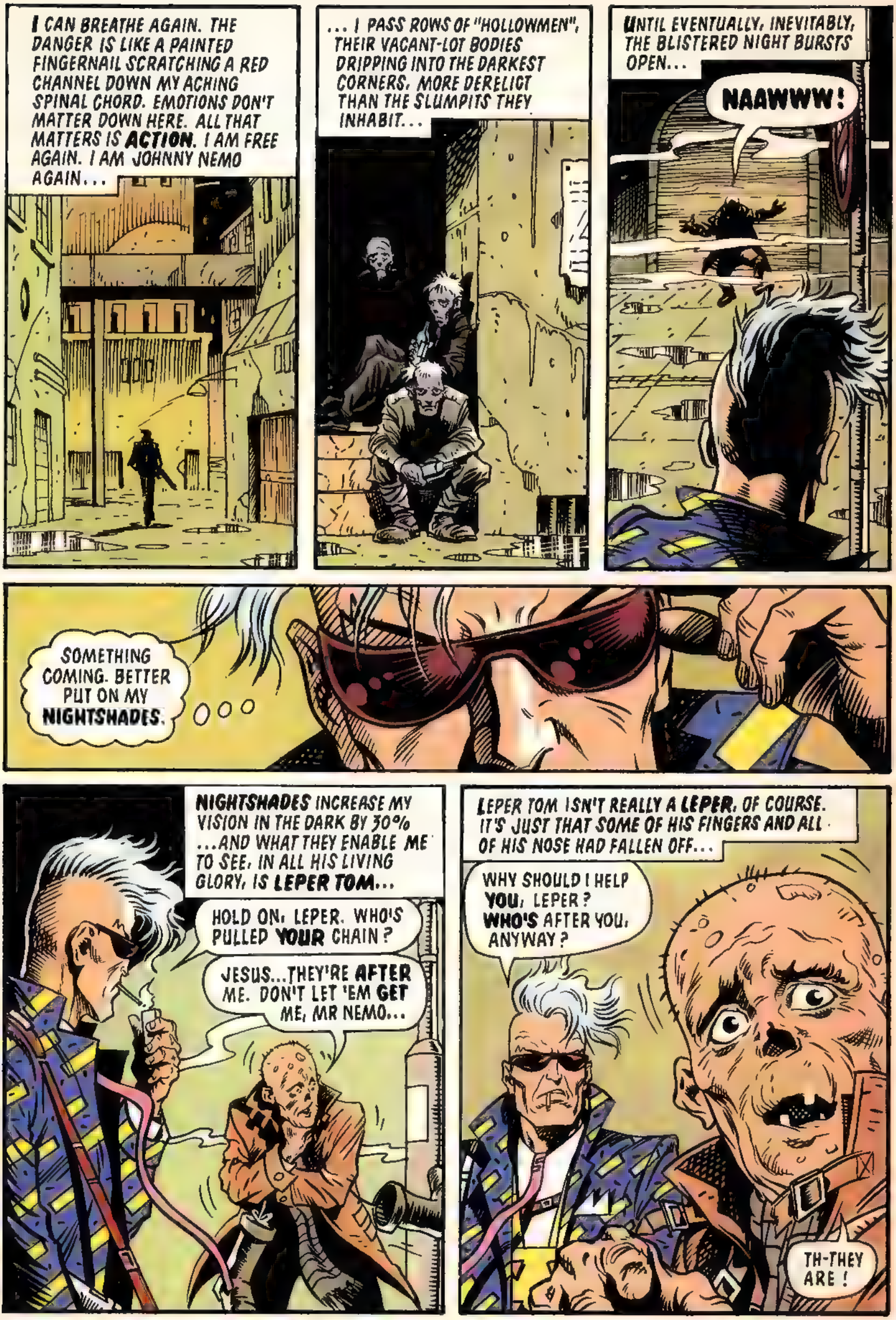

YEAH. SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA.
SMUG BITCH.

AND OUTSIDE, THE NIGHT WHISPERS AND CAJOLES LIKE A STREET-CORNER MAN. THE HISS OF ELECTRICITY, THE SIGH OF GRANITE; THE STATIC CRACKLE OF A SNORING CITY. . . BUT THOUGH CITIES MIGHT SNORE, THEY NEVER SLEEP. . .

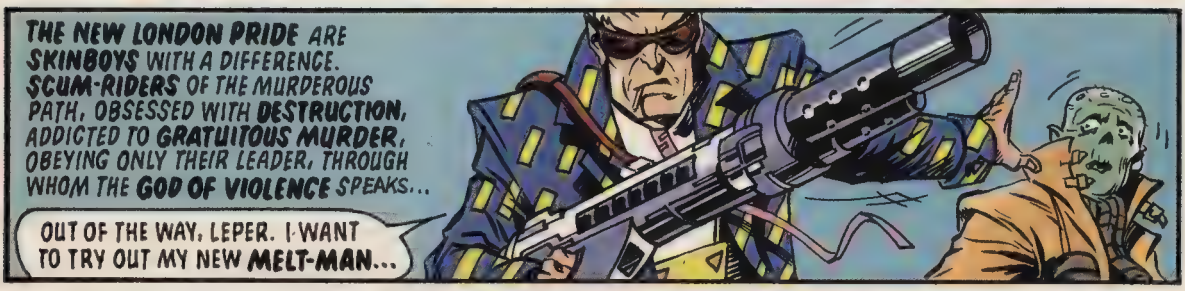
THEY JUST PRETEND. . .

SOMEONE ELSE GETTING IT... MAYBE HE'S LUCKY...
FOR THIS ONE MOMENT HE'S THE MOST ALIVE MAN IN ALL THE CITY...


CAN'T BREATHE IN HERE. NOT TONIGHT. I'M CLAMMY INSIDE. I'M BEING SUFFOCATED. THIS IS A SLOW DEATH . . .
WHAT'RE YOU DOING, JOHNNY ?
GO BACK TO SLEEP, KALINA. I'M JUST GOING FOR A WALK...
YOU KNOW WHERE I PUT THAT BIG MELT-MAN RIFLE ?
IT'S IN THE GUNROOM. YOU THINKING OF DECLARING WAR ON SOMEONE ?
NAW...JUST A BIT OF PROTECTION. AIN'T LOOKING FOR TROUBLE...
GUNROOM
DON'T WAIT UP, KALINA. NOT SURE HOW LONG I'LL BE...
SOON LOLA – MY ROLLS ROYCE SKIMMER – DROPS ME OFF IN DOGTOWN, A PLACE WHERE IT HELPS TO BE A LUNATIC... ESPECIALLY AFTER DARK...
LOLA 2
GO HOME, LOLA. I'LL MAKE MY OWN WAY BACK...


I CAN BREATHE AGAIN. THE DANGER IS LIKE A PAINTED FINGERNAIL SCRATCHING A RED CHANNEL DOWN MY ACHING SPINAL CHORD. EMOTIONS DON'T MATTER DOWN HERE. ALL THAT MATTERS IS ACTION. I AM FREE AGAIN. I AM JOHNNY NEMO AGAIN...
... I PASS ROWS OF "HOLLOWMEN", THEIR VACANT-LOT BODIES DRIPPING INTO THE DARKEST CORNERS. MORE DERELICT THAN THE SLUMPITS THEY INHABIT...
UNTIL EVENTUALLY, INEVITABLY, THE BLISTERED NIGHT BURSTS OPEN...
NAAWWW!
SOMETHING COMING. BETTER PUT ON MY NIGHTSHADES.
NIGHTSHADES INCREASE MY VISION IN THE DARK BY 30% ...AND WHAT THEY ENABLE ME TO SEE, IN ALL HIS LIVING GLORY, IS LEPER TOM...
HOLD ON, LEPER. WHO'S PULLED YOUR CHAIN?
JESUS...THEY'RE AFTER ME. DON'T LET 'EM GET ME, MR NEMO...
LEPER TOM ISN'T REALLY A LEPER, OF COURSE. IT'S JUST THAT SOME OF HIS FINGERS AND ALL OF HIS NOSE HAD FALLEN OFF...
WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU, LEPER? WHO'S AFTER YOU, ANYWAY?
TH-THEY ARE!

THE NEW LONDON PRIDE!


THE NEW LONDON PRIDE ARE SKINBOYS WITH A DIFFERENCE. SCUM-RIDERS OF THE MURDEROUS PATH, OBSESSED WITH DESTRUCTION, ADDICTED TO GRATUITOUS MURDER, OBEYING ONLY THEIR LEADER, THROUGH WHOM THE GOD OF VIOLENCE SPEAKS...
OUT OF THE WAY, LEPER. I WANT TO TRY OUT MY NEW MELT-MAN...

THE MELT-MAN RIFLE IS A CREATION OF MY PERSONAL GUNSMITH. IT SPITS OUT A WIDE, INDISCRIMINATE ARC OF BURNING HELL, SOMETHING LIKE CONCENTRATED VOLCANIC LAVA MIXED WITH SULPHURIC ACID...

PRETTY SOON THE SKINBOYS LOOK LIKE A PILE OF SWISS CHEESES...
COR, THAT'S A NORRIBLE GUN THAT IS, MR NEMO. REALLY HEVIL...
THIS AIN'T OVER YET, LEPER.
IF THE PRIDEBOYS ARE DOING BUSINESS TONIGHT THIS WHOLE AREA'S PROBABLY CRAWLIN' WITH THEM...
I AM NOT WRONG...
SO LONG, LEPER...
'ERE, WAIT FOR ME, MR. NEMO!

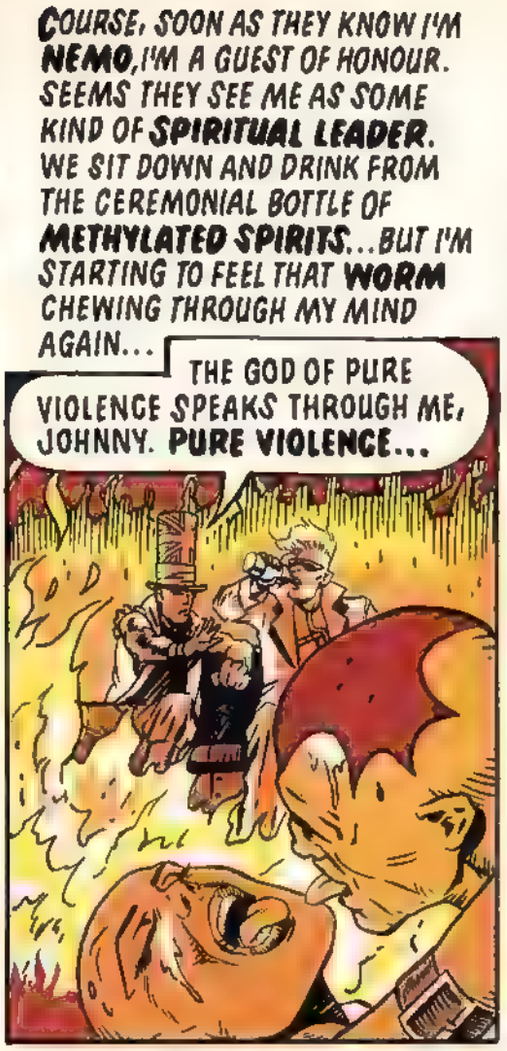
WITH THE SKINBOY SCREAMS BEHIND ME, I TURN A CORNER AND SEE A SEWER-COVER. BLOODY PERFECT.
WHAT YOU DOING?
DOWN THE SEWER, DUMMY. THE ONLY CHANCE...
HIT THE SURFACE AGAIN OUTSIDE DOGTOWN...
JESUS! YOU WON'T FIND ME GOING DOWN THERE. SOME SEWERS IS ALL RIGHT, BUT THE DOGTOWN SEWER IS NASTY. DANGEROUS. THERE'S THINGS LIVING DOWN THERE...
SUIT YOURSELF, ASSHOLE...
THE DOGTOWN SEWER SMELLS LIKE AN ANDROMEDAN SLUG-WRESTLER'S ARMPIT...
SOMETHING MOVING... IN THE SHADOWS...
THOUGH ITS PARASITES ARE SOMEWHAT LARGER...
FOOOOD?
OFF THE SLEEVE, STEVE...
KERP!

THEN I FEEL ANOTHER TACKY PAW ON MY SHOULDER...
SEWER MUST BE TEEMING WITH SLIMEHEADS...
S-ST-STEADY, MR NEMO! THOUGHT I'D J-JOIN YOU AFTER ALL...
PITY TO SPLIT UP A GOOD PARTNERSHIP, EH?
OKAY, PARTNER, I'LL TAKE THESE. SAVE ME TROUSERS GETTIN' FILTHED.
AH, I ONLY STOLE THEM LAST WEEK!
MY LEGS ARE GETTING SOILED SOMETHINK ROTTEN, MR NEMO.
SO LEVITATE...
EVERY NOW AND THEN MORE SEWER CREATURES GET TOO ADVENTUROUS AND HAVE TO BE DISCOURAGED...
THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS SEWER WAS DANGEROUS, LEPER. I'VE SEEN BIGGER SLUGS IN THE NEW LONDON PARLIAMENT...
BUT THAT'S AN UNFAIR COMPARISON, INNIT?

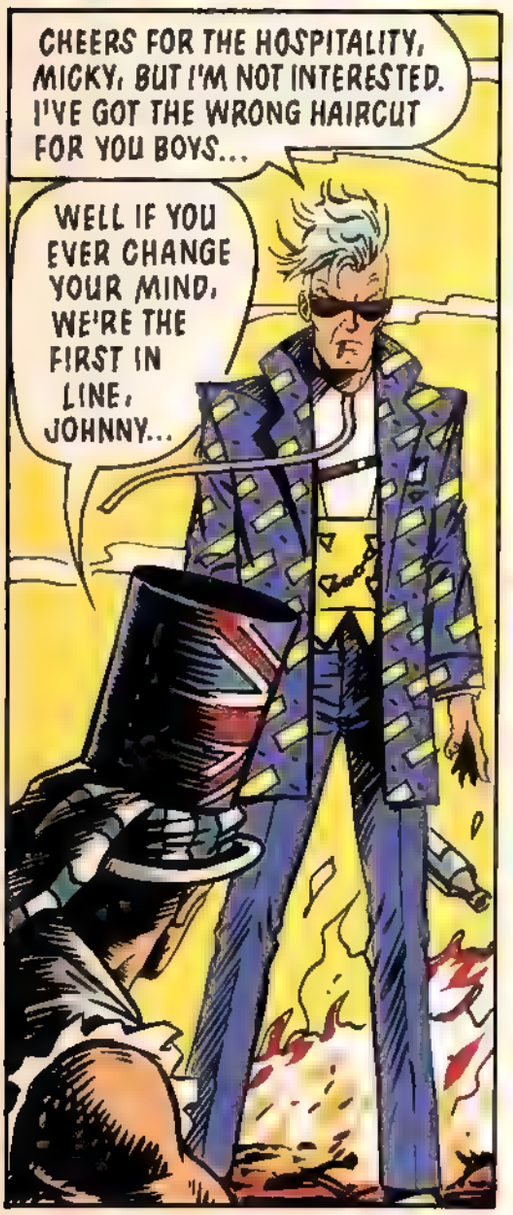
WE WORK OUR WAY ALONG THE SEWER... AND THEN WE COME TO THE BLOCKAGE...
SHIT! THERE'S NO WAY THROUGH...
LOT OF SEWER-FALLS IN THIS AREA. MOST PROBABLY A BOMB GONE OFF ON THE SURFACE OR SOMETHING...
MEANS WE'VE GOT TO GO ABOVE GROUND ...BUT WE'RE STILL IN DOGTOWN.
MIGHT WALK STRAIGHT INTO THE PRIDEBOYS...
AFTER YOU, LEPER. LET ME KNOW WHAT THE SCENERY'S LIKE!
YOU'R A SADISTIC RUNT, NEMO...
ALL CLEAR, MR NEMO. YOU CAN COME UP.
GLAD TO HEAR IT, MY SON.
TSCH! I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, LEPER...
WHY SHOULD I GET IT WHILE YOU GO FREE, NEMO?
OI! THIS IS THE BIG EARHOLE THAT BURNT OUR BOYS!
STEVE DILLON

THE SKINBOYS TAKE US TO SEE THE LEADER OF THE NEW LONDON PRIDE: MAD MICKY ENGLAND, THE GRIM GURU...
WOT'S THIS THEN ?
SOME SCARF FODDER WE PICKED UP, MICKY.
THE ONES THAT SLAUGHTERED BOBBY ARSENAL AND HIS MATES...
AGRO
CAN WE STRANGLES 'EM NOW, MICKY ? PLEASE ?
SHUT YER GOB ! NO STRANGLING TILL I SAY SO ! I WANT TO INSPECT THE PRISONERS BEFORE WE TOP 'EM...
YOUR ASS WILL BE INSPECTING MY BOOT IF YOU DON'T CALL OFF YOUR CRETINS SOON...
AS THE LEADER OF THE NEW LONDON PRIDE MOVES CLOSER, I CATCH THE UNMISTAKABLE STENCH OF DEATH, GARBAGE, CABBAGE AND CHEAP CHINESE FOOD...
'ERE, YOU'RE NEMO, AIN'T YOU ? JOHNNY FLIPPIN' NEMO !
THAT'S RIGHT, ENGLAND. BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME SIR...

COR, WHAT A TURN UP! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU, I'M ONE OF YOUR BIGGEST FANS, JOHNNY!
THAT'S REALLY SWEET, MICKY...BUT MIND THE MATERIAL, EH?


COURSE, SOON AS THEY KNOW I'M NEMO, I'M A GUEST OF HONOUR. SEEMS THEY SEE ME AS SOME KIND OF SPIRITUAL LEADER. WE SIT DOWN AND DRINK FROM THE CEREMONIAL BOTTLE OF METHYLATED SPIRITS...BUT I'M STARTING TO FEEL THAT WORM CHEWING THROUGH MY MIND AGAIN...
THE GOD OF PURE VIOLENCE SPEAKS THROUGH ME, JOHNNY. PURE VIOLENCE...

...THE VIOLENCE THAT CLEANSES... AND SHE TELLS ME TO FOLLOW YOU. YOU'RE OUR NATURAL LEADER, JOHNNY...
NEW LONDON'S PRIDE GONNA RISE LIKE IT'S NEVER RISED BEFORE...
...THE GODS HAVE TOLD US TO RITUALLY KILL ONE THOUSAND NEW LONDONERS. OUR SACRED SCARVES WILL BE WORN THIN BY THE TIME WE'RE THROUGH. IT'S A PROPER GRIN, INNIT?


CHEERS FOR THE HOSPITALITY, MICKY, BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED. I'VE GOT THE WRONG HAIRCUT FOR YOU BOYS...
WELL IF YOU EVER CHANGE YOUR MIND, WE'RE THE FIRST IN LINE, JOHNNY...

SO WHAT DO WE DO WITH YOUR MATE, JOHNNY?
MY MATE? ...OH, HE'S ALL YOURS...

SO LONG, LEPER. SHOULDN'T HAVE DOUBLE-CROSSED THE NEMO...

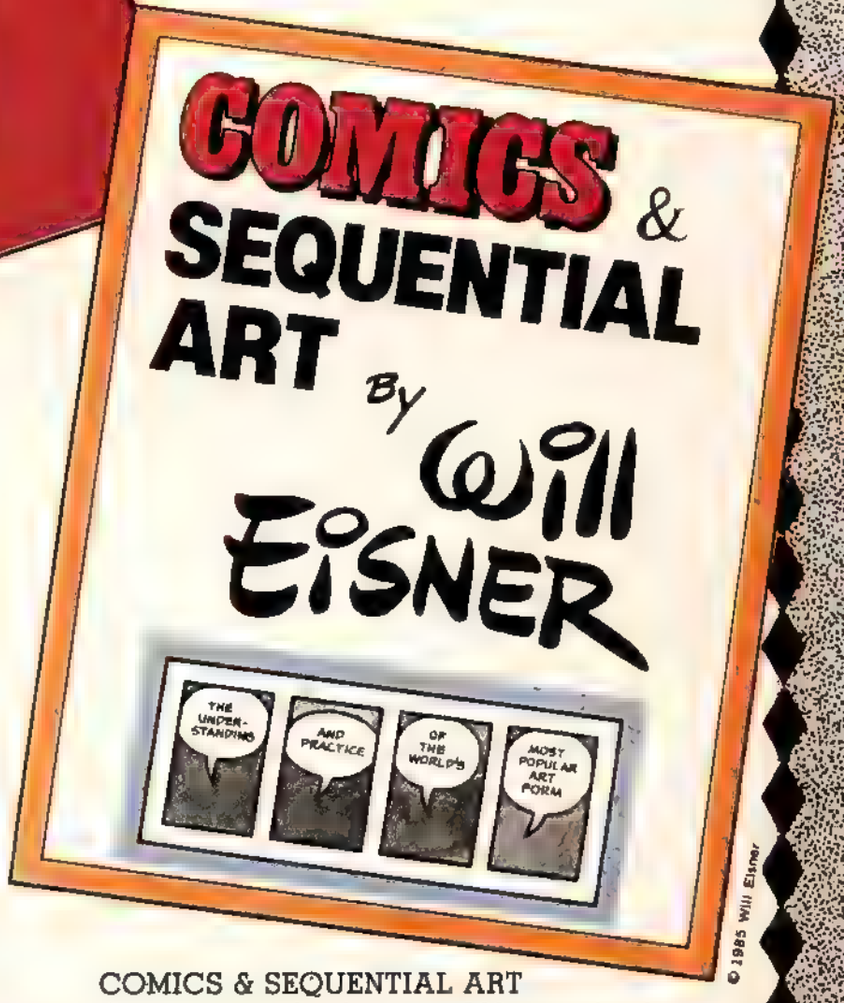
AND I AM WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS AGAIN... THINGS ARE BECOMING CLEARER... I HAVE AN UNCONTROLLABLE ITCH SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE NEXUS OF MY PSYCHIC TADPOLE...
...THINGS ARE BECOMING CLEARER...

THE SOUND OF THE SAVAGE NIGHT SEEPS THROUGH MY PORES. I FEEL THE STREETS ECHOING THROUGH ME... I ABSORB THE ENTIRE BALEFUL BUSINESS. I ABSORB THE DIRT AND THE DECAY AND THE DEATH AND THE DESTRUCTION, FOR NOW THINGS ARE BECOMING CLEARER. . .

A NEARBY BAR EXPLODES WITH THE MUSIC OF COMBAT. MY BRUTAL LORELEI. . .
SICKENING DOG PUB
I ANSWER... MY BLOOD RACING...
CHRIST, IT'S NEMO!

...MY BLUE ARCTIC EYES...
MY AMPHETAMINE HAIR...
I AM NOT OF THIS RACE.
I AM NEW. A NEW MAN...
...NO...MORE...
I...AM...A GOD!
I AM THE NEMO!
...THE BLEACHED GOD OF CHAOS AND DESTRUCTION...
THE END!

Two Great Books from Eclipse



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ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 4
The National Guard surrounds the President in the Astrodome, and 1999's going haywire!

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 5
The incredible Richard Corben makes his Eclipse debut! Plus, Bill Wray and Chuck Beckum!

THE DOOM PATROL INDEX no. 1 and 2
Before The New Teen Titans, there was The Doom Patrol! A special 2-part, must-have series!

MR. MONSTER no. 5
Doc Stearn battles a giant flesh-eating amoeba that decides to adopt Mr. Monster as his 'daddy!'

THE TWISTED TALES OF BRUCE JONES no. 1 and 2
The name of this 4-issue Micro Series tells it all! Bruce Jones has put together some of his greatest efforts, including some never-before published gems!

THE MASKED MAN no. 8
The second half of what may be the most momentous tale in the Masked Man's life. Don't miss "Roxy."

SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT! no. 4
Back for more! Ray Bradbury's "The Foghorn" is adapted! Plus, Alex Toth, Nick Cardy and others!

THE NEW DNAgents no. 6
The Agents attempt to return their lives to normality, but too many things get in the way.

LASER ERASER no. 4
Mysta and Axel travel to the rim planets to clean out a nest of space pirates in "Death!"

MIRACLEMAN no. 6
At last! The answer to the question everyone's been asking for over two years – what happens to Miracledog! New stories begin!

AMONG THE ENGINEERS: As you know, i'm running the names and occupations of the folks who read these comic books. Looks like we've got more than our share of engineers and computer program designers, but the bread is leavened with tropical fish experts and stand-up comedians. Here's another installment:

LARRY NOLAN, Fremont, Calif., writes, "I'm a 27 year old married man with a two year old son and another child due in June. I'm employed with Apple Computer, Inc. as an accountant." Larry adds that he is probably unusual among comic book readers and collectors in that he is a triathlete. His list of favour-comics is heavily weighted toward the independents. He even invited me to dinner, breakfast or lunch at his house! I think i'm going to try to get Dean to agree to this. A full report on "What They Are Like In Fremont" will follow. .

DAN L. (he wants his anonymity) says, "I live in Nashua, New Hampshire and I'm a computer programmer who works in Massachusetts."

OSCAR G. ROMERO, Southern California, is a fourth-year student at UCLA, majoring in Electrical Engineering, "and due shortly to begin working part-time for Hughes Aircraft Corporation in El Segundo (in addition to beginning work on a master's degree in Solid-State Electronics)." He also writes, "I am a Mexican-American actively involved in and concerned with Hispanic affairs and concerns, and in addition, a lapsed comic book fan who has only recently rediscovered the pleasures of reading "kooky" stories and ogling well-drawn comic art." To which i say, "Welcome back to Kook City, Oscar!"

NATHAN WENDLAND, Minnesota City, Minnesota actually sent me a dollar for telling him about the life of Alice B. Stockham (in Alien Encounters no. 4)!!!! He's 26 years old, has only been reading comics a little over two years ("I got a late start") and works as a quality control inspector at a small electronics company. He says, "This means I stare at circuit boards all day long. If you use an IBM disc drive, it's possible I inspected the parts inside. Besides this, I also do a little computer data entry and other odd jobs. For fun I read and collect comics (most are now Eclipse comics), read sf and fantasy, listen to good tunes (U2, Kate Bush, David Bromberg, etc.), collect Roman coins and first edition books, and hike the hills and bluffs of the magnificent Mississippi River valley. If that isn't enough, I have a cockatiel and shovel snow as a winter sport. Now you know more about me than 99.9% of the people in the world, and if you put me in your editorial, even more will know of me, which is a real nutso kick."

My theory exactly, Nathan! What we are doing here is creating a permanent record of nutso kicks of the late 20th century.

BYE-BYE FRED, HELLO BEPPE: Before i close this column out, it's time to tell you that Fred Burke, our intern from Austin, has gone back to journalism school after earning credits as an assistant editor here. NEW intern is Beppe Sabatini, formerly of East Lansing, Michigan. Beppe has sold various stories to various comics companies (including one in Tales of Terror no. 4) and he is the writer of our upcoming parody title – **Cheap Shoddy Japanese Robot Toys** (with art by Fred Hembeck!) More on it later . . .

catherine yronwode

IN YOUR HANDS

This is the last issue of JOHNNY NEMO for the immediate future. Not that we want to put the book on hiatus, it's just a matter of sales. While you readers have been incredibly faithful, and whereas the amount of mail generated is encouraging, there just aren't enough of you to support the book at this point in time. Hopefully, Johnny Nemo and friends will come back. We'd love to hear from all of you who want to see that that happen. Thanks.

THE JOHNNY NEMO MAGAZINE™ no. 3, February 1986 Published by Eclipse Comics, P.O Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor-in Chief. Dean Mullaney Publisher Johnny Nemo and Sindi Shade ©1986 Peter Milligan and Brett Ewins. All other material ©1986 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. Film by SM Graphics. Printed in Canada

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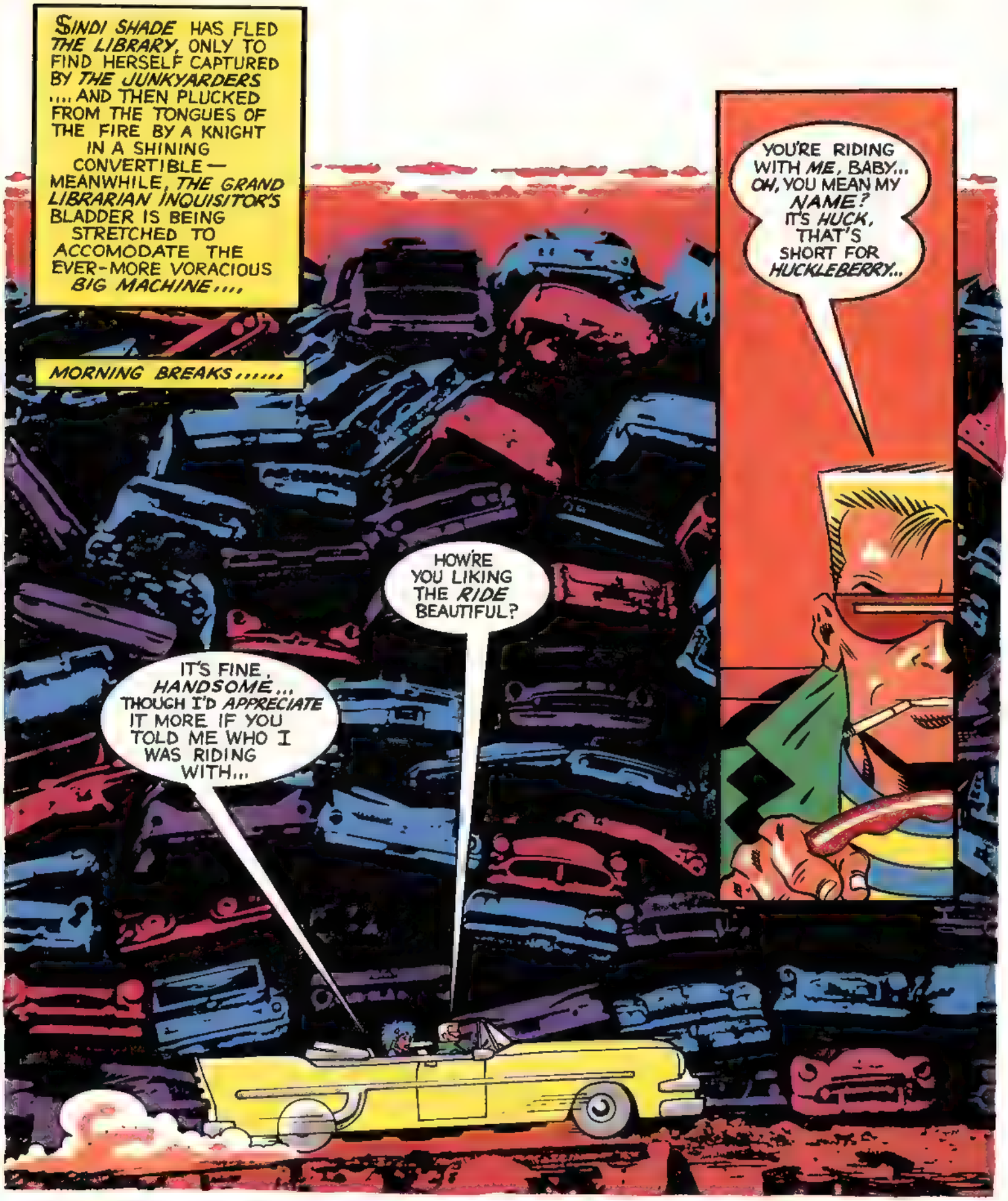
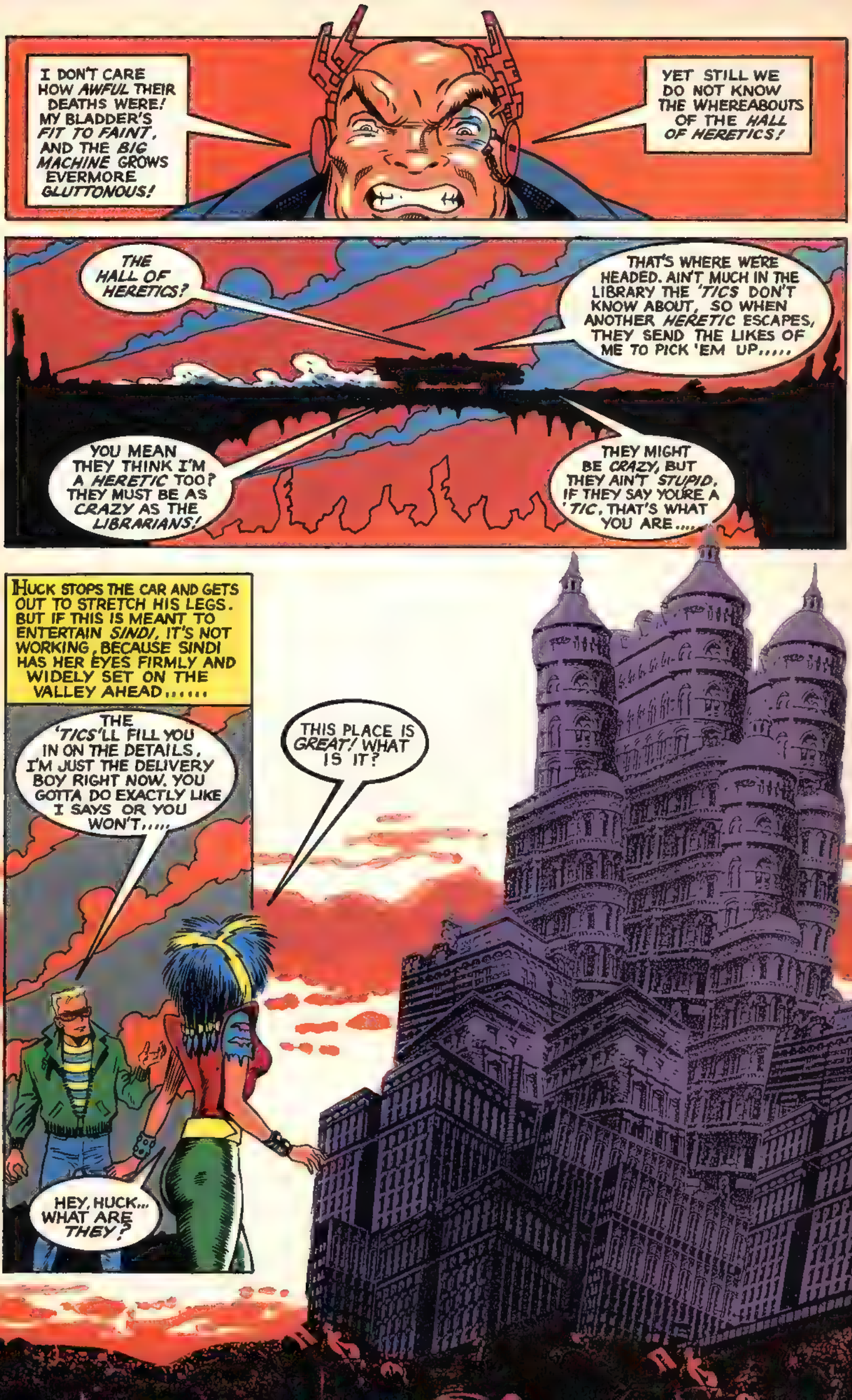


- STORY= MILLIGAN - ART & LETTERS = EWINS - COLOURS = EWINS & STEIN - EDITS = CAT @ -

HUCKLEBERRY? HOW DID YOU GET A JOKE-NAME LIKE HUCKLEBERRY?
SAME WAY AS I GOT THE CAR, SINDI... I STOLE IT...
SPEAKING OF CARS, HUCK—AND I DON'T WANT TO SOUND UN-GRATEFUL FOR BEING PULLED OUT OF THE FRYING PAN BACK THERE.....
....JUST WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? AND HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?
SAME ANSWER TO BOTH QUESTIONS ANGEL, THE HERETICS.
THE HERETICS?
THE HERETICS!
THESE BOOKS SPRING FROM THE STENCH OF THEIR TRANSGRESSIONAL THOUGHTS.... AND NOW ANOTHER GOES TO JOIN THEM!
YES, YOUR GRANDNESS, SINDI SHADE... I SENT THREE LIBRARY ASSISTANTS TO FOLLOW HER, AS YOU ORDERED....
UNFORTUNATELY, THEY WERE CAPTURED BY THE JUNKYARDERS AND BURNT ALONG WITH A PILE OF HAROLD ROBBINS NOVELS....
UBIK
CATCH 22
FINNEGANS WAKE
THE TIN DRUM
OSCAR WILDE
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY
INVISIBLE CITIES


I DON'T CARE HOW AWFUL THEIR DEATHS WERE! MY BLADDER'S FIT TO FAINT, AND THE BIG MACHINE GROWS EVERMORE GLUTTONOUS!
YET STILL WE DO NOT KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE HALL OF HERETICS!
THE HALL OF HERETICS?
THAT'S WHERE WERE HEADED. AIN'T MUCH IN THE LIBRARY THE 'TICS DON'T KNOW ABOUT, SO WHEN ANOTHER HERETIC ESCAPES, THEY SEND THE LIKES OF ME TO PICK 'EM UP.....
YOU MEAN THEY THINK I'M A HERETIC TOO? THEY MUST BE AS CRAZY AS THE LIBRARIANS!
THEY MIGHT BE CRAZY, BUT THEY AIN'T STUPID. IF THEY SAY YOURE A 'TIC, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.....
HUCK STOPS THE CAR AND GETS OUT TO STRETCH HIS LEGS. BUT IF THIS IS MEANT TO ENTERTAIN SINDI, IT'S NOT WORKING, BECAUSE SINDI HAS HER EYES FIRMLY AND WIDELY SET ON THE VALLEY AHEAD.....
THE 'TICS'LL FILL YOU IN ON THE DETAILS, I'M JUST THE DELIVERY BOY RIGHT NOW. YOU GOTTA DO EXACTLY LIKE I SAYS OR YOU WON'T.....
THIS PLACE IS GREAT! WHAT IS IT?
HEY, HUCK... WHAT ARE THEY?

I'M JUST COMING TO THAT, DAMN IT! THAT PLACE AIN'T GREAT, THAT PLACE IS HELL, AND WE GOTTA DRIVE RIGHT THROUGH IT!
-THEY'RE THE TOWERS OF BABBLING!
WHILE SINDI AND HUCK CONTEMPLATE THE TURRETS OF THE TOWERS OF BABBLING, PITCHER-BEARER BILGESQUALOR STRUGGLES WITH THE MORNING'S HOLY SUPPLY, HIS DESTINATION THE CENTRAL CHAMBER, WHEREIN LIES THE BIG MACHINE, BEFORE WHOM EVERY ACTION AND WORD IS REDUCED, AND IN SOME EYES ELEVATED, TO SOLEMN RITUAL....
WHO GOES THERE?
BILGESQUALOR, SON OF BILGESQUALOR. DOTH THE BIG MACHINE WISH TO RECEIVE THE HOLY SUPPLY?
IT DOTH.
MORNING, MR. BILGESQUALOR. AND HOW IS OUR GRAND LIBRARIAN INQUISITOR COPING?
DUBIOUSLY, MR. KATSBREATH. HE DOUBTS HIS ABILITY TO KEEP THE BIG MACHINE SATED.

THE BIG MACHINE, BEATING HEART OF THE LIBRARY. THE SMITHY IN WHICH THE LIBRARY'S *REALITY* IS FORGED.

...BUT THOUGH EACH BIG MACHINE SERVANT IS FAMILIAR WITH HIS OWN MINUTE DUTY, THE EXACT WORKINGS OF THE MACHINE REMAIN A MYSTERY. EVEN THE *CHRONICLERS* OF THE BIG MACHINE TEND TO BE VERY FUZZY ON CERTAIN POINTS, LEADING MANY TO BELIEVE THEY AREN'T NEARLY AS CLEVER AS THEY LIKE TO SUGGEST.....

THIS MUCH, HOWEVER, IS CLEAR-- WITHOUT THE BIG MACHINE, THE LIBRARY AND THE WORLD DOMINATED BY THE LIBRARY'S REALITY WOULD BE NOTHING, AND WITHOUT THE *HOLY SUPPLY*, ISSUED BY THE *GRAND LIBRARIAN INQUISITOR*, THE MACHINE WOULD GRIND TO A HALT.....

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER, EQUALLY IMPORTANT COMPONENT: *THE ENGINE ROOM*, KNOWN ALSO AS THE *ROOM OF SCREAMING*, WHERE THE *DAILY TORTURES* TAKE PLACE. CITIZENS ARE SELECTED INDISCRIMINATELY (ANY SUGGESTION OF *LOGIC*, LET ALONE *JUSTICE*, WOULD LESSEN THE EFFECT) AND THEN THEY ARE SACRIFICED SLOWLY TO *THE BIG MACHINE*. THEIR SUFFERING SPIRITS, (ACCORDING TO THE CHRONICLERS) THEN INHABIT THIS PLACE. THESE WALLS. THIS STAGNANT AIR, BESIDE THE LEGIONS OF FELLOW TORTURED SPIRITS. AND THE *SPIRIT ENERGY* OF THEIR *SCREAMS*, SCREAMS OF *PAIN*, OF *FEAR*, OF *HATRED*, ARE HARNESSED BY THE *BIG MACHINE*....

...AND PRODUCE THE *REALITY OF THE LIBRARY*. OOZING UP LIKE CLAY, BILLOWING UP LIKE SMOKE, IT POPULATES THE AIR, IT ANNEXES EVERY SQUARE INCH OF EVERYTHING THERE IS, DICTATING HOW THE WORLD WILL BE. EVEN *NIGHTTIME*, ACCORDING TO THE *CHRONICLERS*, IS BUT ONE MORE EXAMPLE OF REALITY FORGED BY THE *BIG MACHINE*...

A REALITY FOUNDED ON MISINFORMATION, TORTURE AND *EXCRETA*....

GLOOP!

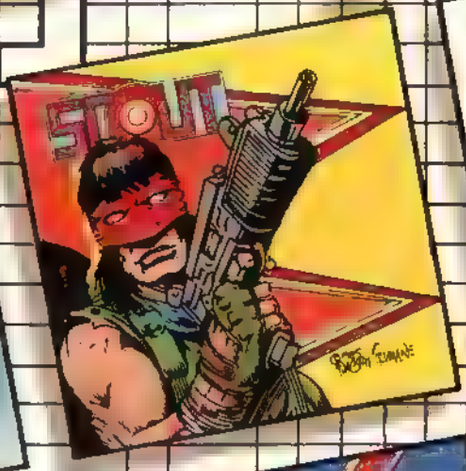
BUT AS THE BIG MACHINE DEMANDS MORE HOLY SUPPLY AND MORE TORTURE VICTIMS, BOOKS, FOR A REASON NO ONE CAN UNDERSTAND, KEEP APPEARING, FASTER AND FASTER, FASTER EVEN THAN THE LIBRARY CAN CONTROL AND BURN THEM....
THE POOR MOUTH
AND MANY MILES AWAY BY THE TOWERS OF BABBLING....
THE BABBLERS ARE CRAZY PEOPLE, THEY DO NOTHING BUT TALK, ONLY, IF YOU LISTEN TO THEM, YOU GET CRAZY TOO... TILL PRETTY SOON YOU'RE BABBLING LIKE THEM, BABBLING NON-STOP ABOUT NOTHING AND EVERYTHING....
SO I'VE GOT TO WEAR THESE RATHER ATTRACTIVE EAR MUFFLERS? THIS IS EXCITING, HUCK!
EXCITING? THIS IS DANGEROUS! YOU TAKE THEM EAR-THINGS OFF, AN' I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS!
SOON, THE CAR IS RACING TOWARDS THE TOWERS...
SPEAKING OF BEING RESPONSIBLE, WHEN WILL YOU TEACH ME TO DRIVE? IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, WHERE WOULD I BE?
SHEE-IT! WE'RE PASSING THROUGH THE TOWERS OF BABBLING! YOU CAN LOSE YOUR MIND OUT HERE! DONTCHA THINK THE DRIVING LESSONS CAN WAIT?
THE CAR REDUCES SPEED AS THE BABBLERS EMERGE FROM THEIR TOWERS, EAGER TO INFLICT THEIR CRAZED BABBLINGS ON THE NEW-COMERS....
WEATHER'S NICE, ISN'T IT... ALWAYS SAY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE NICE WEATHER. IT'S NICE ISN'T IT....
YOU HEARD THIS ONE, NO? IT'LL KILL YOU, NO LISTEN. THERE WAS THIS SQUID, SEE... AND..
NONE OF IT! NONE OF IT! YOU HEAR! THAT'S WHAT I WAS HAVING NONE OF IT!..
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, ETC, ETC, MARK CHAPMAN BLAH BLAH, CONSPIRACY...
NO, WAIT, LISTEN HOLD ON, NO, WAIT.... LISTEN, NO, HONESTLY, LISTEN....

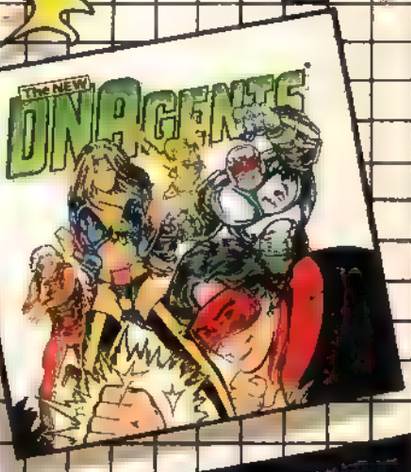
THERE WAS THIS SQUID... SEE... AN' THIS...
DON'T WEAKEN, SIND!
WHAT?
... AND THIS STRIPPER SEE... AND PROUST SAID....
CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING. HUCK-- WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN!
THERE WAS THIS IRISHMAN, THIS RUSSIAN, AND THIS ARAB IN A 'PLANE SEE... AND...
NONE! NONE AT ALL! YOU HEAR? NONE!
THEN AGAIN, THE LIFE-CYCLE OF THE RINGWORM....
NO, AND THE SQUID, NO.... THE SQUID... WAIT, LISTEN, NO....
IT'S NICE... WEATHER, IT'S NICE, Y'KNOW?
SINDI! DON'T LISTEN! GET THE MUFFLERS BACK ON!
OWW!
...TAKEN FROM A MARXIST-LENINIST STANDPOINT, THE ASPIRATIONS OF.....
SORRY TO DO THIS, ANGEL, BUT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
PIFFT!
YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU KNOW... CAN'T HAVE TOO MUCH, WEATHER....
THE LIFE-CYCLE OF THE RINGWORM PERFECTLY ILLUSTRATES...
... OF COURSE PROUST WAS AN ALIEN VISITOR FROM THE 5TH. DIMENSION....

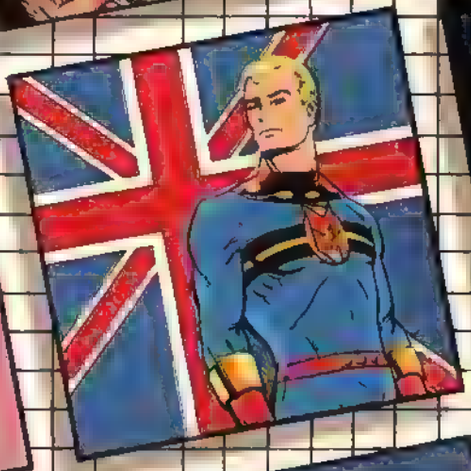
AN HOUR LATER, AND MANY MILES HAVE BEEN PUT BETWEEN THE TOWERS OF BABBLING AND HUCK'S CONVERTIBLE....
I DIDN'T WANT TO PUT SINDI TO SLEEP LIKE THAT, BUT SHE LISTENED TO THE BABBLERS... SHE MIGHT BE CRAZED AND START BABBLING AT ME! I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT THE TICS MAKE OF HER....
NO... NONE OF IT, LISTEN...
SO THE SQUID SAID TO THE WEATHER...
AND WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS....
SHE ONLY LISTENED FOR A MOMENT, BUT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ENOUGH!
IT'LL BE A CRYING SHAME TO LOSE A HERETIC, BUT IF SHE'S A BABBLER, SHE'LL BE RETURNED TO THE TOWERS!
BE READY TO PUT HER BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN IF SHE BABBLES...
IT'S NICE, FROGSPERM...
EASY, ANGEL. THESE ARE THE HERETICS.. THEY WANT YOU TO SPEAK TO THEM....
IS SINDI DOOMED TO SPEND THE REST OF HER DAYS IN THE TOWERS OF BABBLING? - YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE!

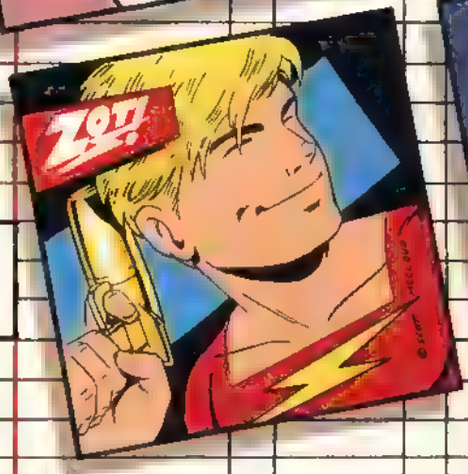
DARE TO BE SQUARE.

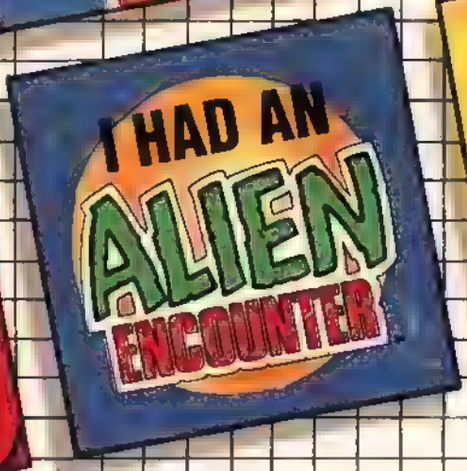
THE ECLIPSE BUTTONS!! SERIES ONE





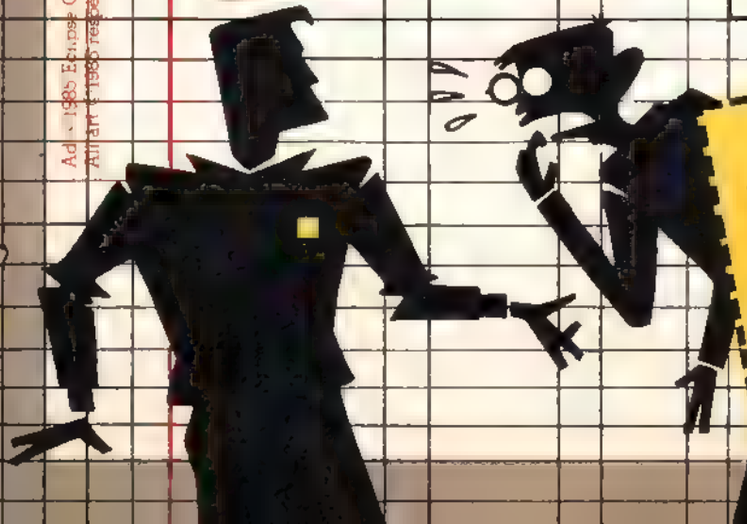






SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE.

Ad ... 1985 Eclipse Comics
Allart ... 1985 respective artists



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Oh, Johnny!

This is the last issue of The Johnny Nemo Magazine. But before we go. we thought we'd run a special tribute to Johnny's most ardent admirer, Sarah Arnold, who's been with us since Strange Days. Good luck to you. Sarah!

September 15

Dear Johnny,

I know I told you before, but that day we spent together was just the greatest. You were so psychotic. I want to be sure you know that if Kalina, your robotic secretary, ever malfunctions again, I'll be perfectly happy to have another warm-ooze battle with you. I wish New London wasn't so far away or else I'd come visit you. Maybe you can drop me a note and tell me how you're doing.

Love, Sarah

It's hard for me to say, but Johnny—
I'm infatuated with you.
When you look at me
with your vicious eyes
I've got to have you
in my thighs.

Love, Sarah

I was beamed back to the year 2921 and was promptly informed that I had been replaced by a robotic secretary.

Oh, Johnny,
I don't know,
I think that robot's
got to go. I know
she's cute and has
big tits, but sex
with her must be the
pits.

I Love You,
Sarah

October 11, 1985

Dear Peter,

I was really happy to see that you guys came out with a mini series. The man at the comic store said that I definatly got the "most enthusiastic customer of the day" award. Nobody understands. No, some do. I was sitting in the buttrom (where we have to smoke) and sam asks, "Who's that?" pointing at a Johnny Nemo doodle on my Jeans. I said, "Johnny Nemo, I love him." Sam asks, "Did you meet him in Boston?" I said, "No silly, he's a comic book character." Sam said, "That's sick." I asked him why. He said that he can understand falling in love with a Playboy centerfold because there is a one in a 100,000,000 chance that you could meet her but he couldn't understand a two dimensional drawing. Charlie butted in and said, "Lay off, Sam, you don't understand, Johnny Nemo is really cool, he's amazing."

Oct 3, 1985

Dear Johnny,

Youve captured my attention,
but, shit...
You live in the second dimension,
I'm stuck in the third
and I haven't heard
from you.

Love, Sarel

October 4th 1985

Dear Peter,

I'm sorry if I've scared you. I guess the only way to explain is to tell you about myself. I am not a zit-faced comic junkie. I am not crazy. I am not having problems dealing with reality. I am a sixteen year old artist. I am sick of being trapped at prepschool in the middle of nowhere, but that doesn't mean that I'm trying to get to 2991. I just want some monotony relief. I hope you understand, I truly am sorry if I've upset you.

Sincerely,

Sarah Arnold

P.S. Tell Johnny I said Hi.

so much for that. Johnny Nemo is really cool. It's wierd, I'm a total pacifist but I don't mind Johnny's viciousness. I guess it's because he is two dimensional. I really enjoy your writing. I would love to know where you come up with some of the lines, like, "Bye Pus-heads, see you in hell." Tell me Peter, what does it feel like to be sucked by a thousand toothless aura leeches?

Brett Ewins' artwork is fantastic. I don't understand though, sometimes it seems like he didn't do it. Like on the 5th page of the magazine, "That's right, you chinless bastard." I must commend him for capturing the expression on the 1st drawing, (inside, with the gun.) I had a boyfriend that used to make that exact expression, my stomach did a flip when I opened the cover. Oh well.

Love,
Sarah

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WITH A BULLET!

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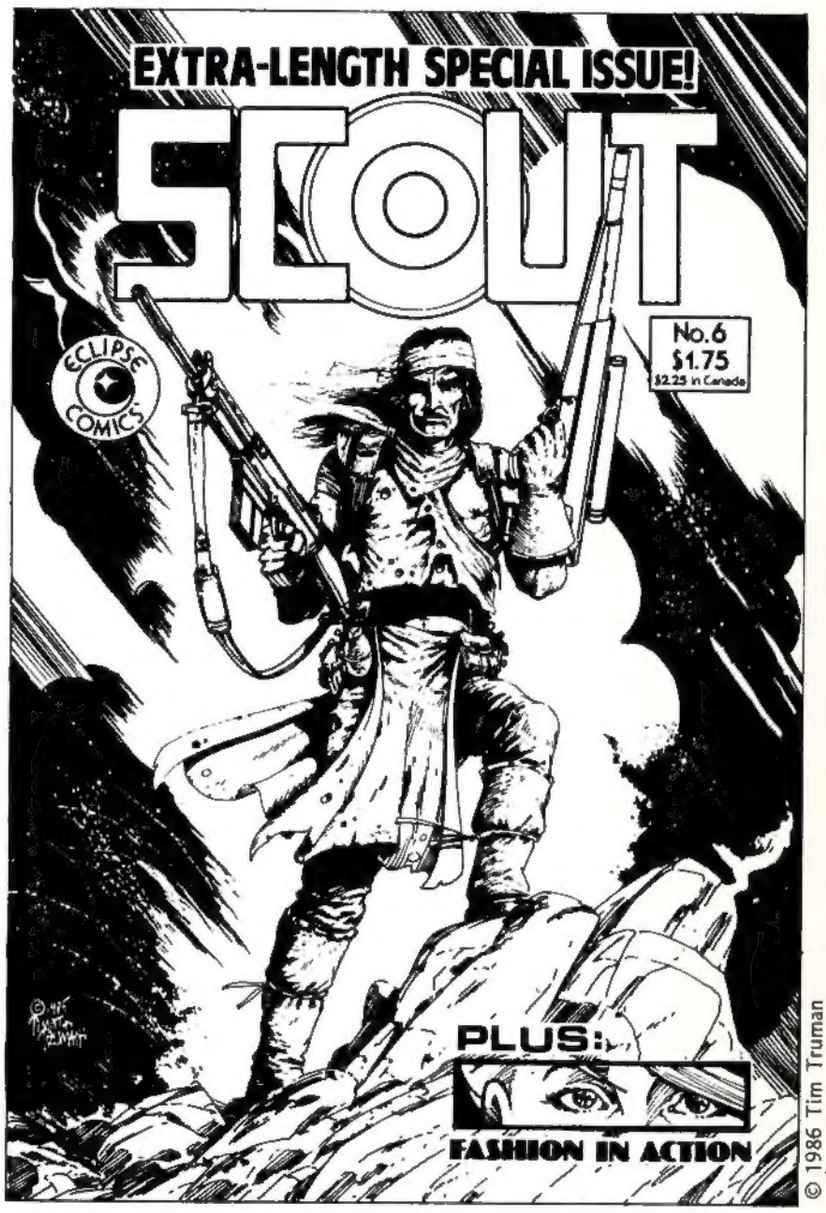


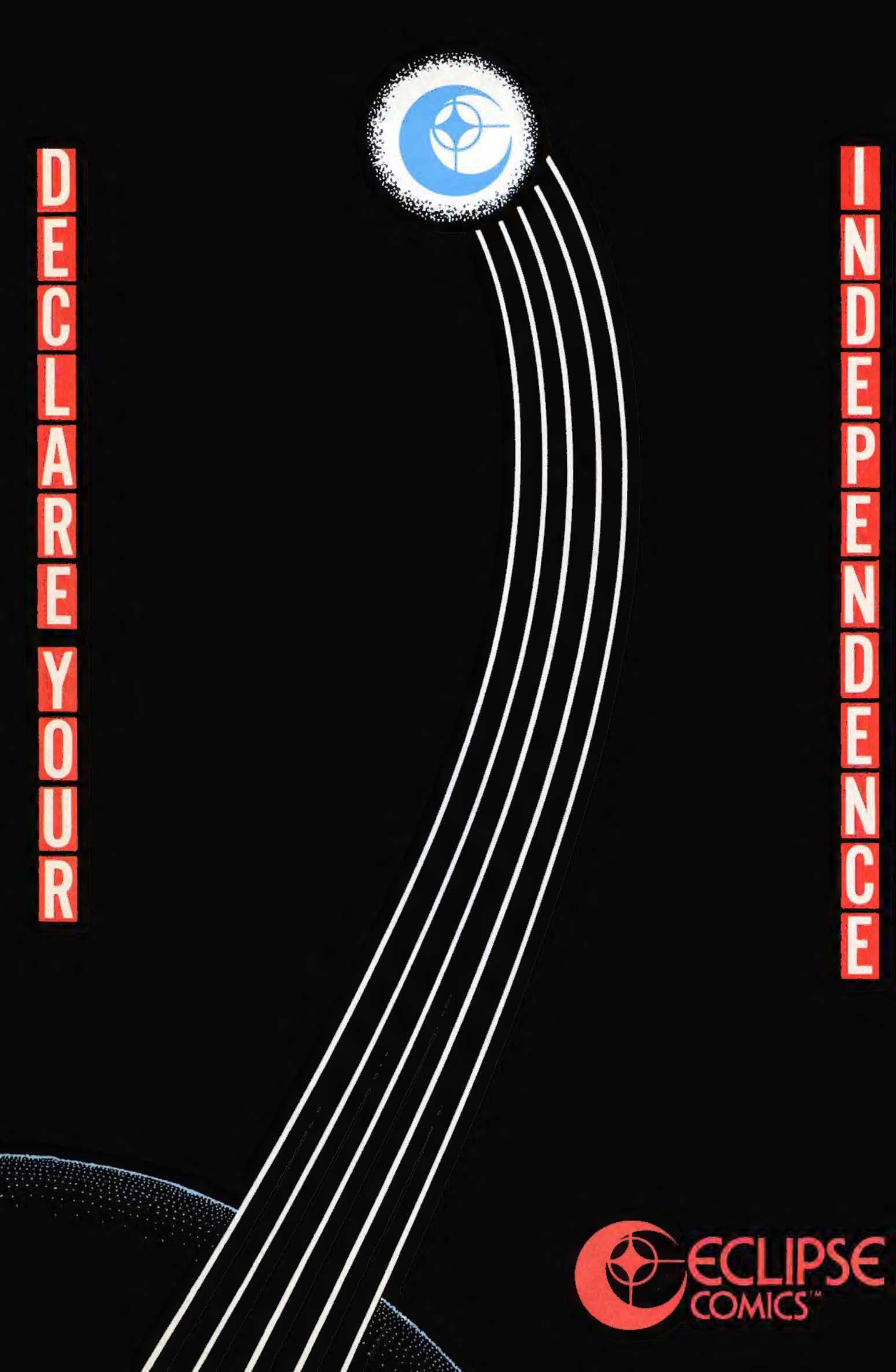
"... A good entertainment investment. Timothy Truman has already proven himself to be an outstanding artist, and with this series he may well develop his writing skills to the same degree of excellence. Give it a look."

—R. A. Jones **A.H. #81**

"... I like this book a lot more than Truman's major previous work. Maybe it's the fact that he's writing as well as drawing it... [**Scout**] begins to look like a winner. Orders went up between #3 and #4—always a good sign... it's an excellent book."

—Bud Plant, **New Comics Tip Sheet**

from ECLIPSE™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